

Ad Populum Phaleræ :

OR THE

Twinn-Shams.

OF all the Cheats and Shams that have of late
Shock'd our Religion, and embroil'd our State,
None more abuse and leave us in the Lurch,
Than those false Cries of *Monarchy* and *Church* :
To these bewitching Sounds, these mighty Charms,
We chiefly owe the Miseries and Harms
That fill'd the two last Reigns : and though at last
Kind Heav'n an Eye upon our Bondage cast,
And opportunely to our Rescue sent,
These plague us still, and clog our Settlement.
So when the *Hebrew Chief*, on *Egypt's* Strand,
Such Wonders wrought by the Almighty's Hand,

A

That

That the wish'd Freedom was almost obtain'd,
Two *Sham-Magicians* set it back again.

I.

For *Monarchy* ; it is by all confess'd
Our antient Government, that suits us best ;
Our Legal Form, to which our Statutes bind,
By Laws supported, and by Laws defin'd.
And more what can be ask'd ? But when this Name
Shall soar an Heav'nly Pitch, and Kindred claim
With *Jove* himself : when boundless Rule and free,
Contemning Laws, shall fetch its Pedigree
From Sacred Writ, and be impos'd upon
The World, on pain of dire Damnation ;
The *Filmer's* Tribe, with their Paternal Farse
Into one House shall cramp the Universe :
That *Noah's* Heirs despotically might rule,
Although a Cocker, Mad-man, Knave or Fool :
When *Hodge* and *Parker's* Doctrines do revive,
Which God Almighty's Pow'r to Monarchs give,

To

To rule the World with such a perfect Sway,
 That they the *Potters* are, and we the *Clay* :
 We rub our Eyes, and quickly are aware
 What the Result of such wild Maxims are.
 For then our Laws are Mockery and Sport,
 Our Judges are but Heraulds to the Court.
 Our *ancient Rolls*, grown useless to preserve
 Our *Rights*, may then for Taylors Measures serve,
 Or Childrens Drums; our *Property* and *Claims*
 Are all but blustering Sounds and empty Names :
 Our *Charters* too are void, though sworn and sign'd,
 For no Concessions *Right Divine* can bind.
 Who strives to limit such a Sov'reign Head,
 Fetters *Levi'than* with a single Thread :
 Heav'ns Darling, he was only made to sport,
 And take his Pastime in the Watery Court,
 Where all th' inferiour Mutes, and lesser Frye,
 Are but his Chattels, Goods and Property.
 Then talk of nat'ral Liberty no more,
 Equality of Souls is out of Door,
 All, but of Kings, were stamp'd for Slaves and Poor.

And

And were they visible, you might descry
 The native Badges of Servility :
 As Camels shew they were design'd for Packs,
 By nat'ral Pack-saddles upon their Backs.
 Such Notions well might sute the former Reigns,
 When *French* and *Turkish* Models fill'd our Brains ;
 But under one who Champion comes to be
 Of *England's*, and of *Europe's* Libertie,
 Such Language needs must grate upon our Ears,
 And 'midst our Joys and Hopes, must whisper Fears :
 When such for Patriots pass, who 'tother Day
 Were the known Tools of Arbitrary Sway ;
 And those that *English Laws* and *Freedoms* plead,
 REPUBLICANS are presently decreed,
 Although the Men that Crown'd our Prince's Head.
 When such Discourses fill the Town, what less
 Can be design'd than *James's* Re-access ?
 By blackning those who have so plainly shown
 Themselves the *best Supporters of the Throne*.
 Or else they fain would tempt the *Royal Breast*
 To more Desire of Rule, than will consist

With

With English Laws, or with his Oath and Word,
 That of his Subjects he might be abhorr'd;
 And so might pave the *absent Prince's* Way,
 And fall the *Gallick Tyrant's* easy Prey.
 But Heav'n that at the *Boyne* its Power did shew,
 We hope will save him from these Flatt'ers too,
 More dangerous than *grazing Ball* that flew.

II.

But, *O the Church!* that, that's the second Cry,
 As very a Sham as that of *Monarchy*.
 For while the *Letters* in our Ears do ring,
 The *Cabala* is quite another thing.
 Some mean by *Church* down-right *Debauchery*.
 For though our Church abhors such Villany,
 Yet when a Sot or Bully, reeking from
 Tavern or Brothel, to a Church doth come,
 Mumbling his Orisons without Regard,
 To charm his Conscience, more than to be heard,
 That he might sin a-fresh with greater Gust,
 (As *Turks* with *Opium* fortify their Lust)

Then, *Ah the Church, the Church!* that sacred Name
 Must serve to hallow his impurer Flame;
 Cancel old Sins, and qualify for new,
 Give *Absolution*, and a *Licence* too.
 So when he hugs the Sanctuary-Walls,
 Himself a Saint, the Malefactor falls;
 Christens his Fears, and from the sacred Stone
 Hath turn'd his Flight into *Devotion*.
 So Temples were by Heathens made their Stews,
 And Dens of Thieves and Robbers by the Jews.
 So Eli's Sons, who at the very Doors
 Of the Assembly made the Women Whores,
 Were Church-men too, but to the Church's Cost;
 For by such Church-men soon the Ark was lost.

With others, Name of *Church* doth signify
 A mere misplaced Zeal and Bigotry.
 For Rites and Ceremonies, and these too
 The very worst and meanest of the Crew;
 Such as perhaps the Church might better spare,
 And more her Blemish than her Beauty are.

Live as you list, this Man doth not regard ;
 Infringe her *Doctrines* too, he is not stirr'd ;
 But touch a *Surplice*, or an *Eastern Nod*,
 You wound his *Darling*, and blaspheme his God.
 Ask him but whence unlighted Candles came ?
 And streight the Man himself is on a Flame :
 Speak but against the *Cross*, he'll read your doom,
 That you deserve to hang in *Gifmas* Room :
 He'd rather have two *Easters* in a Year,
 Than to disturb the *sacred Calendar*.
 What most is scrupled, that he values most ;
 And rather would have all *Dissenters* lost
 Than *old Translation* should be refitted ;
 Or *Tobit* and his *Dog* should be omitted !
 He joys when Service in the *Chancel's* read,
 Though half the People hear not what is sed.
Adores an Organ, though he needs must know,
 That when the Heav'nly *Boreas* doth blow,
 The Sense too oft is murder'd by the Sound,
 And many a Psalm *feloniously* is drown'd.

And if you do but lisp of Alteration,
 Then streight *Vox Cleri* must alarm the Nation:
 You 're then *Phanatick, Neuter, Half-way-man,*
 Or mungrel *Latitudinarian*;
 You pull the Church down; for 'twill surely fall
 If you but pick one Pebble from the Wall:
 Or though you never move the smallest Stone,
 'Tis Sacrilege to pull the Ivy down.
 So *Pedants* count themselves best Orators,
 And *Fopps* and *Beans* the only Courtiers.
 So Dancing-Masters walk the Fields by Rules,
 Whilst all the World proclaims them formal Fools.

A third, by *Church*, mean *Persecution*,
 A right Church-militant with Sword and Gun:
 A Church that governs more by Fear than Love,
 And more hath of the Eagle than the Dove:
 A Church that into *Swords* doth beat her *Shares*,
 And all her *Pruning-hooks* converts to *Spears*.
 " Ah could we but these Vermin hunt to Death
 " By *five and thirtieth* of *Elizabeth* ;

" Or

“ Or plague them by Imprisonment or Fine,
 “ Until we had compell’d them to come in,
 “ ’Twere brave indeed ! but since that’s laid asleep,
 “ And (which is still a Wound more wide and deep)
 “ A free and legal Toleration
 “ Is gain’d for all that do our Doctrines own ;
 “ What Help remains, the Church doth gasping lie,
 “ And all is lost beyond Recovery !

But hold Sir ! Is’t *impossible* to save
 The *Church’s Life*, and keep her from the Grave,
 Unless these *Steel Prescriptions* we have ?
 Pray tell me how in Ages Primitive
 She made a shift to keep her self alive,
 And flourish’d too ? Or else resolve me how
 All pious Pastors hold up Churches now
 By *Preaching* and *good Life* ? and so may you.
 The Way is open, imitate your Lord,
 And *that alone* will Followers afford :
 Most Men are not so giddy as to scorn
 Good Sermons more at Church than in a Barn,
 Or think an Heav’nly Life less fair doth look
 Under a Gown and Cassock than a Cloak.

But if you rather choose to prop your Cause
 By violent and compulsory Laws,
 Which is *Dragooning* in the best Edition,
 (Or younger Brother to an *Inquisition*)
 Your Church will meet the Fate of Tyranny,
 Hated to live, and soon unpitied, die.

The last of those pretended Cheats and Shams,
 Doth [by the Church] at bottom mean King James :
 Let one that's true to *William's* Interest
 (Although as good a Church-man as the best)
 Attempt to stand at an Election,
 Streight he's a *Whig* : the Church is quite undone !
 But for a trusty Spark, that secretly
 Drinks *James's* Health, when knows his Company,
 They'll rend the Welkin with their bellowing Cry.
 There needs no *Oedipus* to unriddle this ;
 Church is the *Apologue*, and James the Moral is.
 But if you think indeed King James your Friend,
 And that your Church he'll mightily defend ;
 Then pray, to do King Lewis Right, remember
 Give him the Stile too, of your Great Defender ;

Who

Who list'ning to the Groans of the Oppress'd,
 In *pure Compassion* sent his Fleet from *Brest*.
 This would resolve the Question, whether *France*
 Came hither by Agreement, or by Chance?
 Or if the last abortive *Letter-Plot*
 Was to be finish'd by French Force or not?
 And who must pay him his expended Pelf?
 Or if he wou'd not *wisely* pay himself?
 And ballancing the Charge against the Gains,
 Rescue the Church, and take it for his Pains?
 But whatsoever Int'rest was intended
 By *French Invasion* to be befriended,
 'Tis all a Case, the Treason is the same,
 Whoe'r the Authors are; and if the Name
 Of Church must shelter ev'ry Plotting Knave,
 (As once the Ark did Toads and Vipers save)
 Both Church and State, so late at Ruin's Brink,
 Sav'd in a Storm, will in the Harbour sink.

T H E E N D.